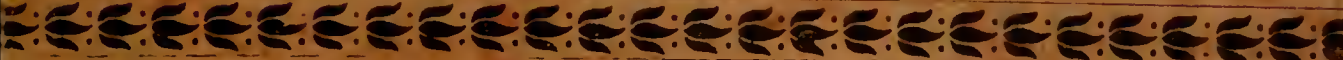


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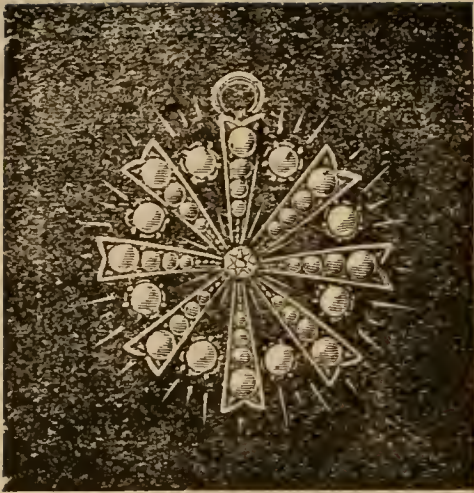
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Missions.

FACTS FOR THINKING CHRISTIANS.

1. There are one thousand million heathen in the world, and only ten thousand missionaries.

2. In the United States there is one preacher to every seven hundred people, while in heathen lands there is only one missionary to every one hundred thousand souls.

3. There is one physician to every five hundred and eight five people in the United States, but there is only one medical missionary to every ten million heathen.

3 Every tick of the watch sounds the death knell of a soul in heathen lands, which means that more than thirty million people die there every year.

5. Every breath we draw four souls perish, never having heard of Christ.

6. Of every dollar given to Christian work, we spend ninety-eight cents on ourselves and two cents for the heathen.

7. We spend annually more than \$900,000,000 for liquor, \$600,000,000 for tobacco, and only \$4,333,061 for foreign missions.

8. We give one cent a year for the conversion of each heathen soul.

9. Less than fifty years ago China had only six converts; now there are over eighty thousand.

10. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has work in five foreign mission fields: China, Japan, Korea, Brazil, and Mexico.

11. In these fields we have one hundred and

sixty-four missionaries and eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight Church Members.

12. Our Sunday schools number two hundred and twenty-five, with an attendance of seven thousand eight hundred and forty-seven scholars.

13. In China alone there are nine hundred walled cities without a Sunday school or a missionary.

14. And yet our contributions per member to all these fields is less than a two-cent postage stamp per month.

15. Twenty five cents will buy a New Testament; fifty cents, a Bible; five dollars a month will support a Bible woman, and fifty dollars a month a single missionary.

16. Over eighteen hundred years have passed since our Master's command, "Go ye" was written, and millions have not heard the gospel news yet.

TWO DOLLARS TO SEND A DOLLAR.

BY WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

We had supposed that the old objection to foreign missions, "It takes two dollars to send a dollar," had died a natural death. It seems that we were mistaken. Three times during the past thirty days it has been repeated in our hearing. The last time by an intelligent lady who insisted that she had heard it from childhood, and had grown up with the idea that the work of foreign missions was not only exceedingly costly, but wasteful. She had learned better since becoming a member of a missionary society, but she was sure that there were many of our people who still cling to the old tradition.

UNPARDONABLE IGNORANCE.—Such ignorance is simply unpardonable in this day of banking and publication. The cashier of any bank knows that funds of Missionary Boards are transmitted to Canada, Europe, China, Japan, or other foreign countries by means of New York exchange, with no expense save the postage stamp which conveys the draft.

AMERICAN BOARD.—The Treasurer of the American Board has recently prepared an exhibit showing what is done with the funds passing through his hands. After analyzing the disbursements for the foreign fields, he finds that only \$7 54 in every hundred is required to cover "all cost of collecting and transmitting funds, including agencies, correspondence, publications of all sorts, and all salaries in every department."

CHINA AT LAST WILLING.

The Chinese are the most self conceited and conservative people. Theirs is the celestial country, and they are the civilized; whereas, other countries are poor and miserable, and other nations barbarians. Everything Chinese is so ancient, so well proven and perfect, that no improvement is possible that comes from non-Chinese sources. The very fact that Englishmen and other foreigners have come to dwell and trade in Chinese ports is proof that China is superior to their own rude native lands. And the missionaries of the Jesus religion, who seem to be so zealous in their labors, are prompted solely by some selfish or political trick. The very language of the "foreign devils" is childish in comparison with the Chinese, for theirs has only twenty-five characters, whereas (ours) the Chinese has many thousands of sacred characters,

being therefore, infinitely superior. The "foreign devils" want to come and build railroads in China—but why? Because the railways built in their own country having proven a failure they want to sell the rails and machinery to China.

Such are the feelings and ideas that for long ruled the mind of the nation. But now there is a change. The Chinese have suffered a rude shock within the last few years, such as was never before known. The lofty superiority, calm, self-contained conceit, so characteristic of the race and those prejudices, relating to foreigners and foreign things, handed down from fathers to sons, are being shaken up and are falling to the ground. A revelation is at last impending and the Chinese themselves see it. The waters of the rising flood, which are everywhere, seeping and deepening, widening and threatening to undermine the throne itself, have disturbed the all-powerful *literati* and made uneasy the mercantile and wealthy classes.

For the first time in their history they begin to realize that they are weak—weaker than the nations long despised as barbarians; weaker even than the little Japanese whom they looked upon as children, and whom they had instructed in literature, art, morals and philosophy. This startling conviction seized the ruling classes in the late Japan-China war. They begin to see that notwithstanding their unparalleled history, their ancient civilization, numerous sages; in spite of the fact that the Son of Heaven sits upon the dragon throne in the celestial country, there must be a mistake; something wrong somewhere; something must be learned and help gotten from the Europeans and Americans.

The so long self-satisfied and immovable Chinese nation has reached the place where she must accept the Western learning, inventions, and teachers; must qualify to compete politically and commercially with the Western powers or perish as a nationality. Yes, slowly, reluctantly, she has reached the startling conviction that she must turn to the Christian nations for self-preservation. It is a remarkable crisis. The very nations that have seemed to threaten her overthrow, to them she must look for guidance in this time of need.

THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR MISSION SCHOOLS.

The day longed for, prayed for by so many has come. The time is at hand, fitly named the day of Jehovah; for it is like that spoken of by one of Israel's prophets, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it" (Ezek xxi. 27), but not to utterly destroy it, for He whose right it is, is come and will rebuild the nation upon sure foundations.

Now that the stolid Chinese have at last *awakened* and are turning to us for light and help, as did the Japanese thirty years ago, will we who represent Christian truth, Christian education, *not open our eyes* to the splendid opportunities that are inviting us?

There is to be, nay there is already, a great turning and seeking after our Western sciences, at the hands of the missionaries. The upper classes are beseeching the missionaries to teach their sons, and the mission schools are overcrowded with students.

The Christian Church has, through her missionaries, an opportunity greater and more far-

reaching in its consequences than was ever before given it from the days of Christ until now. The new education of three hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics is practically in the hands of the missionaries, provided they are supported and reinforced with consecrated, well educated men and women sufficient to occupy the field. The missionaries of our several Christian communions in China hold the keys to the whole position. This is unquestionable. They know the language; they know the country and the people; they have for all these years been sowing the seed, and have slowly been winning the confidence of the communities where they have lived and worked. They have schools planted on a small scale in all the important sea ports.

In the matter of female education, so blindly and long neglected by the Chinese, there is a revolution. In Shanghai, for instance, some wealthy merchants and officials have formed a society for the establishment of an educational institution for girls and young women. Desiring to establish a modern institution for the education of their daughters, and needing the sympathy and co-operation of the missionaries, they have invited Miss Howe, of the Methodist Episcopal Central Mission, to take charge of it. This shows how foreign ideas, as represented by our missionaries, are to-day exerting an influence in China.

Veteran Missionaries like Drs. Allan, Muirhead, Edkins and Parker, all agree that this is the time of marvelous opportunity in that vast empire. But unless we bestir ourselves and enter these new doors of opportunity—they will not always remain open—they will be closed to

us. As one of our own lady missionaries wrote in her last annual report: "If we do not take advantage of the changed situation and give the Chinese Christian education, somebody else will give them infidel education. That is to say, there is danger by our short sighted delay, our narrow vision of God's movings, and especially by our covetousness, of making the same mistake that was made in Japan. *Mark this! China is to have the Western learning from Europe and America. It will be Christian or infidel education, just as we say.* The whole question now lies in the hands of the Christian Churches here. The infidels and atheists who know nothing of God in geology, astronomy, or even in history and ethics, are not now in a position to do much in China's new education. They know not the language, cannot translate the books, nor teach the schools; are not familiar with the habits and customs of the people; have no printing presses or other institutions planted in the land. But if the Christian Church holds back, neglects to send the men and women to occupy the field, fails to give the funds for the enlargement of our mission schools and the planting of new ones, neglects to take advantage of the providential field so strangely opened, in a few years infidelity in the person of unbelieving teachers and scientists will enter that same field and coil itself around the new institutions, the new literature, poisoning the very fountains of thought, social morals, and national life. O what great opportunities and serious responsibilities are ours at this time! As bad as it is, paganism is better for the Oriental nations than nineteenth century atheism, and the last state of China would be worse than the first.

But surely the large minded men and women of this Christian America, men and women who love mankind for Christ's sake, will see that this is a time for liberality. Surely they will see that this is a time for action; for the setting apart of their sons and daughters for the work of God in far-off China, and the giving of money to support them there. If in the name and love of Christ you will send your children and give your money, China's uncounted millions will be saved. If not, she perishes; but her blood will be upon your heads. The righteous God will require it of you.

“SO MUCH TO DO AT HOME!”

WE have in the United States more than thirteen millions of evangelical Christians solemnly pledged to live and labor for Christ; over ninety thousand ordained ministers—one to about seven hundred of the population—besides from thirty to forty thousand licentiates and local preachers; hundreds of benevolent organizations, general and local, co-operating with one hundred and forty-three thousand churches to reach every form of human want and misery, numerous societies for the diffusion of a Christian literature; religious newspapers that may reach every village and household in the land, institutions of learning of every grade, with open doors, inviting all who will to come and partake freely, or at a trifling cost, of the blessings of knowledge and culture—and yet how often one hears the cry: “There is so much to do at home!”

Yes, to sustain the institutions of the gospel, and to extend their benign influence over the

new states and territories, into all our old waste places, into every neighborhood, and to every individual who now neglects his opportunities. This is the *local* work devolved upon our churches, in which all the ten millions of Christians should heartily engage. But is it all they are commanded to do? How read "marching orders?" "Go ye into ALL THE WORLD and preach the gospel to EVERY CREATURE." Shall we dismiss our Lord's command by sighing, with folded hands, "So much to do at home?"

The WORLD has been given to Christ: "the uttermost parts of the earth!" Other countries than ours are teeming with immortal souls, capable, through the gospel, of goodness and greatness. Africa, India, China, with their 900,000,000, are to be Christ's. It is only a question of time. How much to do in them! How much in Africa, where myriads tremble before the horrors of their superstitious rites, and the inhumanity of man to man crushes out almost the last remnants of the image! How much in India, where, despite all that has been achieved, the professed followers of Christ are in the minority of one to two thousand heathen, and where, upon an even distribution, each foreign missionary would be called upon to provide for the spiritual wants of three hundred thousand souls! How much in China, where hundreds of cities have not yet seen the face of a Christian teacher, or so much as heard whether there be any Christ or Holy Ghost? How much to do in these countries, where the institutions of the gospel, churches, benevolent organizations, a Christian literature, educational institutions—all the varied appliances of Christian culture—are yet in great measure

to be begun! Shall we excuse ourselves from going into these harvest fields which God, in his wonderful providence, has now thrown open, on the plea that there is "so much to do at home?" Shall any Christian man or woman, if unable to go in person, withhold prayer and aid to support those who can go, on any such plea?

This country taken as a whole, is *evangelized*; Africa, India, China, are not. We have hundreds of Christian ministers, and many thousand professed disciples of the self-sacrificing Christ, whose lives are manifestly idle and unprofitable in his service! And these might be building up his glorious kingdom in heathen lands, and laying up an eternity of bliss for themselves and for others. How many *villages* even, over all our land, might spare *one whole church*, and all which it costs to sustain it, without taking "the bread of life" from a single soul, or withdrawing "the light of life" from a single dwelling! No man here need fail of knowledge of the gospel; the multitudes in heathen lands sit in the region and shadow of death, and perish in their sins. How can they help it?

"And, oh! when they in God's presence stand

With you, at that great day;

When every native of every land,

To judgment is called away—

Say, say can you stand in God's presence then,

And remember that cry—'O come!

We are dying! We know no Saviour's name!'

Can you plead the excuse—will it not be vain?

Will it weigh with God, though it did with man

'*There is so much to do at home?*'"

Does any one believe that the home work

would really suffer if a hundred young men, connected with the various religious denominations, were *this year* to go abroad, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ? Would it not stir the heart of the Church from Maine to California? Would not such a recognition of the worth of the gospel, and such consecration to the cause of Christ, be an unanswerable argument to thousands now indifferent, and careless of the claims of the gospel? Let us not be misled by the plea, "so much to do at home," in our efforts to advance the kingdom of Christ, which is not for one nation or country, but for the world.

"The field is the world," says the Master. King of all kings, and Lord of all lords, enthroned in glory, he waits the hour when great voices in heaven shall be heard, saying: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."

To be a Christian is to be a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. To be an acceptable servant is to be an obedient, active, and faithful one. There is a great deal of work to be done—difficult work, Christlike work—and the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest for more laborers, says the Master, in his compassion for the multitudes. He will not be satisfied until "every creature" has heard of his love and has been subdued thereby. If he pities one soul or one community more than another, is it not the most needy, the one neglected of men, and sunk deepest in the mire of sin? Shall we not likewise pity such? Shall we not follow the Good Shepherd sometimes, as he

leaves the ninety and nine, and go out into the wilderness after those who are "ready to perish?"

"SO MUCH TO DO AT HOME!"

SO MUCH MORE TO DO ABROAD!

BUT ALL FOR THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

CUBA AN OPEN DOOR

BY REV. W. R. LAMBUTH, D.D.

AMONG the fields white for the harvest is the island of Cuba. Touched by the hand of God, the gates to the Queen of the Antilles have swung wide open, and the call to come over and help us is a Macedonia one.

Ordered by the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South, to make a personal study of the situation, we stepped aboard the steamer at the Key West wharf at 9:30 one evening early in November, and before daylight the beams from the lighthouse on Morro Castle shot across our bow, and we realized for the first time that it was only one night's travel, or ninety miles from the southern tip of Florida to the mouth of Havana harbor.

Cuba is seven hundred and sixty miles long and twenty-four miles wide opposite Havana, while near Santiago the island broadens to one hundred and twenty five miles, giving about the area of the State of Alabama. Standing on the mountains at Santiago and looking south, one can almost see the Island of Jamaica, while Hayti, or Santo Domingo, is only a little farther to the east.

We may roughly divide Cuba into three sections. The western third is devoted to the culture of tobacco, where the finest brand in the world is raised. The eastern third, which in-

cludes the province of Santiago de Cuba, is mountainous, but rich in minerals. Here are found extensive copper mines, a fair quality of coal, excellent iron ore, and an abundant supply of mahogany. In addition to these, both oranges and bananas are exported in large quantities.

The population before the war was estimated at sixteen hundred thousand. There is no doubt that four hundred thousand perished from disease and starvation under the reconcentration policy of Gen. Weyler, and nearly two hundred thousand emigrated or were killed during the struggle.

One is impressed by the age and solidity of the churches and cathedrals of Havana. It is evident that a powerful ecclesiasticism has laid its iron hand upon the resources of the people. The Bishop of Havana proposed during the war to devote twenty million dollars of jewels and treasures to the building and equipment of four war vessels for the service of Spain, and this was but a tithe of the accumulated wealth of the Church in that one city. We found vendors of lottery tickets in the vestibules of the churches, and advertisements on the doors to the effect that for amounts running from twenty-five cents up freedom from the fires of purgatory could be purchased for our needy friends. What wonder that the Spirit of God should have deserted such a priesthood!

Sunday night found us with our little band of believers in the sitting room of a private house. So large was the congregation that neither benches nor chairs could accommodate them. Men and women filled the aisles, stood round the

wall during the service of two hours, and were counted five deep in the doorway, while a number of boys and young men stood in the window holding on to the iron bars. The communion service was held and administered while the members stood on their feet, so great was the press.

Rev. Y. Baredo, the pastor of this flock, had exhibited a heroism before and during the blockade which called forth our highest admiration. Three times before communication was cut off he was urged by Dr. Fulwood, the superintendent of the mission, to bring his family to Key West, where they might have the protection of the American flag. Three times he refused, saying he would stand by his church as long as they were obliged to remain. During the blockade it was impossible to get funds to him, so that he was reduced to the extremity of giving up his rented house and dividing his little family. His wife and two children in one place and he is in another, they eked out an existence on one or two meals a day, oftener only one. No meat, occasionally fish, a few drops of oil, and the only vegetable, besides a handful of rice, was a few boiled cabbage leaves picked up from the garbage pile at the market place. With such spirit as this the Cubans have won their right to both civil and religious liberty.

Leaving Havana for Cienfuegos, one hundred and ninety miles by rail on the southeastern coast, we measured league after league of the distance between Havana and Cienfuegos. For the first twenty miles numbers of Cuban women and children stood in line by the side of the train holding out their hands mutely for the *centavo*

(one cent) or piece of bread which might keep them from starvation. One felt that at best it could only be a relief for a day or a week. Lusterless eyes, sunken cheeks, colorless lips, and emaciated frames told the story of long continued hunger and want, until the watery blood and the flabby tissues could no longer withstand the inroads of disease. While traveling over this same road, Rev. H. B. Someillan saw a Cuban woman with a baby on her breast asking for a little help. As he was in the act of extending his hand a fellow-passenger looking out of the car window called the attention of the mother to her child. She looked down into its face and found that the babe had died in her arms while she waited the assistance that might keep both alive another day. We passed farther to the east, and found neither women nor children. Upon asking an old man at one of the stations where they were, he replied with a sad but significant movement of the hand: "They are all dead."

At Cienfuegos, a city of over fifty thousand, we met several intelligent Cubans who had been educated in Philadelphia. Two of them invited us to meet their friends at the club to discuss education and Protestant Christianity. We spent two hours that evening with a group of a leading men of the city. They urged us to remain ourselves or send those who could preach a pure gospel. Asking why they were so urgent, one of them pointed to the Roman Catholic cathedral at the head of the plaza, and said: "A young Cuban priest was shot last year at the instigation of the Spanish priest who lives in the rear of the church." The offense of the

young Cuban was simply that he had blessed the Cuban standard at the request of his countrymen. Our informant continued that we would at that hour find the priest drunk or gambling with disreputable associates. "How could we think for a moment," said he, "of taking our wives to a religious service in such a church? Build a Protestant church," said he, "and I will donate a lot for the building."

The day came for our departure. Our steamer at 3 P. M. was still at the Santiago wharf when an elderly Cuban lady came aboard to see Rev. Mr. Baker and myself. She was one of twenty or more who attended our services in a little rented hall the night before. Addressing me, she begged that I would hear her story. Born in Jamaica, she went at an early age to New York, where she attended a Sunday school and was converted. Marrying a Spaniard, he brought her to Santiago, and here they had lived for thirty-two years. During that time her husband would not permit her to read her Bible without barred doors, nor did she dare sing one of those hymns she loved so well in childhood, for fear the sound of her voice would arouse the anger of the Roman Catholic neighbors, who, finding she was a protestant and a heretic, might drag her across the threshold into the street, where she might suffer the consequences of her devotion. "For thirty-two years," said she, "I have been praying that the Protestant missionaries might come to Santiago. When the shells from Admiral Sampson's fleet were flying over the city, and when we heard the cannon balls from the American army advancing on San Juan hill, I felt that God was answering my prayers.

I beg you not to leave us this afternoon without promising me that your Church will send Rev. Mr. Somiellan, or some other missionary, to preach us the gospel." As I looked straight into that woman's eyes filling up with tears, and thought of the long years of waiting, I said: "God helping me, I will lay her plea before the great Protestant Church which I represent, believing she will send the missionaries to help these poor people in their time of need."

Returning to Cienfuegos, we went by rail to the northern shore of the island, visiting the towns of Caibarien, Cardenas and Matanzas.

At Cardenas Mr. Baker and I called upon the editor of a daily paper. Without acquaintance or introduction we were led by the providence of God to the office of this gentleman. Hearing that we were Americans and interested in everything that made for the good of the people, he laid down his pen, called a carriage, and took us to visit the city hospital, the waterworks, electric light plant, a large sugar refinery, and then invited us to his home. Refreshed with a cup of coffee, our host then conducted us to the house top, where we had a magnificent view of the city and of the bay.

Taking us to the parapet, he pointed to the Roman Catholic church at the end of the plaza and exclaimed: "I am glad you have come to establish Protestantism! I am a Spaniard, and the priest who has charge of that church is also a Spaniard, a countryman of mine, but utterly unworthy of confidence. He drinks, he gambles, and is guilty of almost every sin. Only a few night ago while we were at our club house some one reported him in a place of ill fame. We

sent a servant and ascertained the truth of the report, when several members of the club went to the spot armed with horns and tin pans and ran him home to his den. Do you suppose," said he, "that I would permit my wife to confess to such a man? She cannot enter his church unless I go with her. If you will send pure men and devoted women to teach our people, they will flock to your services and espouse your cause. We are sick and tired of a religion which can give us no better guides than these."

Leading us from the roof to the story below, he showed us his bedroom, where in a niche was a beautiful marble shrine, which he had ordered from Paris. In it was the Virgin Mary, and in front of her were candles and incense. "Here," he remarked, "my wife comes to pray when she feels religious. I have put this up at great expense, that she may not be under the necessity of going to the church. Teach her a better way, and she will follow you."

I remarked: "You are a Spaniard and we are Americans; she is a Roman Catholic and we are Protestants, heretics. Surely she would not listen to us."

Our friend gravely replied: "The Americans are our friends; and as for Roman Catholicism, we have lost our faith in it. Give us the truth and show us the highest ideals of life, and you will find it easy to win our hearts."

He took us to the train next morning, and in parting gave Mr. Baker a cordial invitation to come to his house and stay with him when he came to open work.

Roman Catholicism in Cuba is different from that in the United States. The priests in this

country are quick to condemn the practices of a degenerate ecclesiasticism on the island. We would not join in a wholesale condemnation of men and women, many of whom are sincere in their efforts of propagandism, as well as in their desire to lead lives of noble self-denial; but there is need, imperative need, of the pure gospel.

To sum up our personal observations briefly: We found a complete revolt from Roman Catholicism; a steady drift toward rationalism and French infidelity; an anxiety expressed by Spaniards and Cubans alike that Protestantism and the institutions of a Christian land should have the right of way; open doors to Protestant missionaries and offers of co-operation in every town we visited, and carefully laid plans by the Roman hierarchy on this continent to replace Spanish priests with French Jesuits from the United States who could disclaim any relation with the former political *regime*.

No time is to be lost. Religious readjustments must follow political reform. The Spirit of God has himself pioneered the way. The door is wide open. The field is ripe. Cuba must be won for Christ.

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THE DISPENSARY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

HAS CRIME DECREASED?

The answer to this question is a matter of angry dispute. Below is given a bird's-eye view of crime in South Carolina for the past 11 years. In this record of criminal cases in state courts the violations and convictions under the liquor law are compiled from the annual reports of the attorney general, and so all crimes except municipal offences are included. The other figures are compiled from the reports of the warden of the state penitentiary and the superintendent of the state insane hospital.

RECORD OF CRIME FOR 11 YEARS.

Year.	Total Criminal Cases State Courts.	Violations Dispensary Law.	Convictions Violations Dispensary.	Received. at Penitentiary.	Admissions to Hospital for Insane.
1893.....	2,687	294	154	280	424
1897.	3,002	627	91	185	401
1896*.....	*3,002	*627	159	275	387
1895.....	2,241	155	*61	517	344
1894.....	2,137	29	2	669	309
1893.....	1,686	†29	†17	664	315
1892.....	1,668	†37	†9	617	318
1891.....	2,182	†45	†19	494	311
1890.....	2,078	†28	†10	498	322
1889.....	1,878	†9	†2	542	302
1888.....	1,908	†55	†19	546	252

*For 14 months.

†Violations under old law.

The criminal cases in the state courts thus show a marked increase, while the admissions to the penitentiary are decreased by more than one half. This would indicate a considerable decrease in felonies and an increase in lesser offenses. The difficulties of enforcing the dispensary law also appear. Out of the 1,732 cases of violations in the state courts, in only 467—about one fourth—were convictions secured.

The police arrests for the city of Charleston make a better showing. There is a substantial decrease of arrests for drunkenness and a small decrease in total arrests. The following is compiled from the reports of the chief of police:

POLICE ARRESTS IN CHARLESTON.

Year.	Total Arrests.	Drunk & Disorderly.	Disorderly Persons.	Assaults All Kinds.	Fines Paid.
1898.....	2,776	327	216	\$2,917.70
1897.....	2,634	309	243	1,899.50
1896.....	2,898	361	399	150	2,840 25
1895.....	3,206	405	348	112	2,100.50
1894.....	3,600	459	505	189	3,564.50
1893.....	2,992	412	553	195	3,561.00
1892.....	3,475	690	698	246	4,852.17
1891.....	3,301	849	761	238	4,605.00
1890.....	3,285	801	656	218	4,346.50
1889.....	3,452	868	678	183	3,546 64
1888.....	3,210	715	581	205	3,837.43

The city hall at Columbia was recently destroyed by fire and the records went up in smoke. Complete data of arrests are therefore unavailable. Chief of Police Daly tells me that

there has been a slight increase in arrests on the whole, but that there was a large increase for the first year or two.

IS THE LAW VIOLATED?

According to Governor Tillman's message to the legislature on Nov. 22, 1892, there were then 613 barrooms in the state. The month of November is included in the federal fiscal year of 1893. A reference to the table of liquor-dealers given last week, compiled from the reports of the commissioner of internal revenue, shows that for that fiscal year there were 873 retail liquor-dealers. This shows that there were at that time 260 persons who held federal tax receipts to sell liquor, but who did not pay any local license; in other words, there were 260 bootleggers in the state when the dispensary law went into effect. The report of the commissioner for last year (1898) shows 652 retail liquor dealers in South Carolina. The report of the state board of control for the same period shows that there were but 100 dispensaries in the state. This means that there were 552 bootleggers in South Carolina in 1898 against 260 when the dispensary went into effect, an increase of more than 100 per cent.

This condition is made possible by the diabolical attitude of N. B. Scott, the \$6,000 a-year commissioner of internal revenue at Washington, and Eugene A. Webster, the collector for the state of South Carolina at Columbia. Under section 3,250 of the revised statutes of the United States, each collector of internal revenue is required to keep a public record showing the names and addresses of all special taxpayers together with the kind of tax paid. The section reads:

“Each collector of internal revenue shall, under regulations of the commissioner of internal revenue, place and keep conspicuously in his office, for public inspection, an alphabetical list of the names of all persons who shall have paid special taxes within his district, and shall state thereon the time, place, and business for which such special taxes have been paid.”

Section 17 of the dispensary law makes the holding of one of these retail liquor dealer tax receipts *prima facie* evidence that the holder is a violator of the law. I visited Mr. Webster's office and asked to see “Record Ten,” which is the technical name of this public record. The man in charge of the record said that I would have to see the chief clerk, Captain Little.

After a long wait Captain Little came in. He said that he was under positive instructions to permit no information to get out of the office that would in any way assist in the prosecution of a bootlegger. I called his attention to the law quoted above. He said that he knew about the law, but that he would not permit me to see the record without the permission of the collector himself. He then delivered a profane tirade against people who want to interfere with the liquor business. An hour later the collector came in. He demanded to know what I wanted of the record, and I told him frankly. He refused to let me see it. When I called his attention to the law, Collector Webster delivered himself of this remarkable statement:

“I know about the law, but the fact is these fellows are practically all bootleggers and I am on cordial relations with most all of them. I cannot and I will not do anything that will tend to

get them into trouble. The publication of their names would get them into trouble, and I propose to protect my friends."

I still insisted on my legal rights, and Mr. Webster finally agreed to observe the law if I got special instructions from the commissioner of internal revenue. I at once telegraphed a statement of the case to Commissioner Scott at Washington, and asked permission to exercise my rights under the law. The department had promptly responded to various letters for information on other subjects, but in this matter involving the embarrassment of the bootleggers Commissioner Scott ignored my telegrams.

In the mean time I had made another discovery in a roundabout way. Collector Webster has so "doctored" his "Record Ten" that a retail liquor-dealer can not be distinguished from a dealer in oleomargarine or a dealer in tobacco without the aid of a key. I accused Mr. Webster of this trick. He merely grinned, admitted that it was true, and brazenly asked what "I wanted to do about it." However, in spite of both the collector and the commissioner, I have secured the names of 137 of these bootleggers in the city of Charleston who now hold U. S. tax receipts to sell liquor at retail in defiance of the state law.

In Charleston open bars are the rule and not the exception all over the city. Last Sunday evening I saw a policeman leaning against the telegraph pole at the southwest corner of State and Queen streets. On the same corner was an open bar at which two bartenders were at work. Thirteen sailors from Dewey's war-ship *Raleigh* were lined up before the bar drinking. Most of

them were tipsy. On two of the other three corners of the street were open bars, both running at full blast. I know that the policeman was a real live one because I saw him strike viciously with his club at a swarm of mosquitoes that were singing a hymn around his ears. Most of the Charleston saloons are run in connection with grocery stores, the bar being in the rear.

At Columbia the restaurants do a lively beer business. Within two blocks of the capitol are half a dozen. They never have a large stock as they replenish their supply from the local dispensaries several times a day. This is winked at by the local dispensaries because it is "good trade." A member of the last grand jury told me that that body had sworn testimony that one of these restaurants had bought as high as a barrel of whisky in a single day of a local dispensary. The grand jury also found that one person already under indictment for selling whisky was buying liquor at a local dispensary at the rate of dozens of cases per day.

Chief of Police Daly, of Columbia, tells me that the night after the arrival of the 2d Tennessee and the 1st Rhode Island regiment of volunteers at Columbia, last November, 235 of them were arrested for getting drunk on dispensary whisky. He locked 30 of them in cells, and the rest he herded in the city court room, which the hilarious soldiers demolished during the night.

The dispensary has not taken the liquor question out of politics. Ever since the law was enacted it has been almost the sole issue in nearly every state campaign. The annual messages of each governor have been largely—in some

cases almost wholly—devoted to the law. Boyd Evans, private secretary to Governor Ellerbe, tells me that a few days prior to the recent Confederate re-union at Charleston the governor's office was showered with telegrams asking that the constables be called off during that event. Three of these telegrams to the governor came from the sheriff of Charleston. To the credit of the governor, these supplications were wated, and the constables seized and confiscated three car loads of liquor during the celebration. It is unfortunate that most of the local dispensers are either ex-saloon-keepers or ward politicians. This has had a bad effect in many ways in promoting numerous abuses.

The election last year was a striking proof that the problem is not yet settled. At the primaries practically the sole issue was that of Prohibition against the dispensary. Governor Ellerbe championed the dispensary and C. C. Featherstone came out for Prohibition. Although Mr. Ellerbe was a candidate for re-election and it is an unwritten law in South Carolina that a governor shall be permitted to succeed himself, he was chosen by a majority of less than 5,000 votes out of a total of more than 70,000.—*Car. New Voice.*

ALL WASTED.

“Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?”

“Nine million dollars annually.”

“Step to the blackboard, my boy. First. take a rule and measure the silver dollar. How thick is it?”

“Nearly an eighth of an inch.”

"Well, sir, how many of them can you pile in an inch?"

"Between eight and nine."

"Give it the benefit of the doubt and call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile up these \$900,000,000?"

"How many feet would that be?"

"Eight million three hundred and thirty three thousand three hundred and thirty three feet."

"How many rods is that?"

"Five hundred and five thousand and fifty rods."

"How many miles is that?"

"One thousand five hundred and seventy eight miles."

"Miles of what?"

"One thousand five hundred and seventy eight miles of silver dollars laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make."

"Now add the \$600,000,000, we are paying for tobacco annually to the liquor miles of silver dollars, which is two thirds as much, or 1,052 and we have 2,632 miles of silver dollars packed closely together for our national one year's grog and tobacco bill. Let these same silver dollars be laid flat, touching edge to edge, and they would make a continuous ring around the earth."

Reader, if you need facts about this question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take a small army of men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog and tobacco.

HENRY W. GRADY ON THE WHISKEY TRAFFIC.

Tonight it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek and tomorrow

it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress.

Today it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the government itself.

• There is no cottage humble enough to escape it, no palace strong enough to shut it out.

It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage.

It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory.

It is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plague to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho.

It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine.

It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

It comes to change the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame.

It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children.

It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.

DIARY OF A RUM SELLER

Monday.—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday.—That poor, nervous fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in today; sold him a quart.

P. S.—Hear he killed his wife in drunken rage.

Thursday.—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised.

-P. S.—Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children. Ha! ha! ha! business.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money. Took his wife's wedding ring and silk dress for an old bill, sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink today. I know he likes it and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help him break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law today, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller tonight than the church baskets are.

N. B.—My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar, and yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.

LINCOLN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Abraham Lincoln was a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks. When the committee, appointed to notify him of his nomination to the presidency, came to his house in Springfield, Ill., some of his friends wished to provide wine for the entertainment, but Lincoln declined, and gave them pure water from the well. His convictions on this subject were deep rooted and of long standing. On the 22d of February, 1842, on Washington's birthday, he gave a temperance address in which he said:

“Of our political revolution of 1776 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nations of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long mooted problem as to the capacity of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which was vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

“But with all these glorious results, past, present, and to come, it had its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after the orphan's cry and widow's wail continued to break the sad silence which ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it brought.

“Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed—in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping; by it, none wounded in feeling. none injured in interest! Even the dram maker and the dram seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually

as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political reform! With such an aid, its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty! Happy day when, all appetites controlled, all passions subdued, all matter subjugated, mind—all conquering mind—shall live and move, the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

“And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave or a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both those revolutions which shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!”

A LESSON OF PATHOS FROM THE POLICE COURT.

For twenty years or more he had stood in the police court now and then to answer the charge of being intoxicated, and he was there again yesterday afternoon. The bloated face and the bloodshot eyes were silent witnesses of the offense he had committed so often, and the untidy and unkept raiment, mute evidence of the downfall of a man who might have been a good and useful citizen.

He offered no defense, no excuse, for he knew of the tale-evidence of the silent, mute witnesses of his dissipation and that no corroborative testimony was needed to stamp the seal of guilt upon him.

Once in the past, some time ago, he had stood by the side of a smiling maiden, whose heart beat rapidly to the chimes of the wedding bells. Children's voices had made sweet music in his home. Love and hope had waked ambition's dearest dreams.

And then the same old story of temptation and weakness and drink, and the going down step by step, lower and lower until nothing but the abyss of the grave itself was left.

Many years has the the maiden who smiled when the wedding bells were ringing been at rest under the kindly sod and the pitying violets. Her broken heart was mercifully given to the rest and peace of the tomb.

It was said that when she passed away his only friend was gone and there would be none to help him when he was dragged to the police court and the chain-gang was staring him in the face, for until her wearied soul laid down the burdens of life she never forsook him and time and again she paid the court fines with the money she had earned with needle and thread.

When he stood in the police court yesterday afternoon the judge said:

"I hate to fine you. I remember you when I was a little boy, and the story of your life is well known to me. I can do nothing, however, except what the law demands of me. The fine is three dollars and the costs of court."

There was sitting in the court a man who had been a schoolmate of the prisoner at the bar. He had not seen him in many years, and he whispered to the judge;

"I don't suppose there is any one to pay his fine, for I hear his faithful wife has been dead

for a long while. I hate to see him go to the chaingang."

From the crowd of spectators in the court room a little boy came, a lad, who was not more than a child, and he slipped his hand into that of the prisoner and led him away, saying to the officer:

"I will pay father's fine."

The lad earns a small salary as cashboy in a city store.

Despite the bloated features, the bloodshot eyes and the palsied limbs, his old father still; the years ago, when that father held him in his arms or led him as he toddled by his side, were not forgot.

The grave under the sod and the violets had not hid the poor creature's only friend.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, L. L. D., OF ATLANTA, GA.

We are to have a hard fight of it to preserve the quiet thoughtful worship day in our land.

There are many enemies to it.

There is hardly time to enumerate the foes which we are to resist. Some of them, in fact, cannot be classified. They are so closely allied to other disturbing forces that we hardly recognize their relation to the Sabbath question.

For instance, sociological problems meet us at every step of Sabbath reform. Many of the agitations of wage-earners may be tracked back directly to Sabbath profanation.

The tenement house, noisy, filthy, congested, is no friend of the Lord's day.

The home of poverty does not supply either the clothes or the grace which are supposed to be necessary to attend the ordinary modern church. It is hard to pray on an empty stomach, or to sing with parched lips.

Then the temperance question is in many of its phases simply the Sabbath question.

It takes but half an hour to see why the drunkard, who 'shall *not* inherit the kingdom of God,' should fight shy of the Church on earth. A large majority of the workmen who drink choose Saturday night for their spree, and sleep it off on Sunday.

But why continue? We might show how the Sabbath question enters not only into sociological reforms but into almost every other crying evil. Further: had I time I should not hesitate to undertake to prove that the fourth commandment is the test commandment of the ten, the

very keystone of the arch. Again and again it has been made the starting point, the entering wedge of great moral changes. It is the strategic point. It sounds the keynote. That man who has little or no regard for the Lord's day has within him the moral tone of an idolater, a thief, a liar, a murderer. That government which fails to observe the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," sets a premium on every sin of the decalogue.

With this hasty glance at the unrecognized foes of the Sabbath we will simply mention a half dozen open positive forces which are today arrayed against us.

1. Sabbatizers—A small, compact, conscientious group of mistaken men, who would put the Jew's day in place of the Lord's day, despite the nineteen centuries of magnificent advance.

2. Indifferentists—The countless followers of Gallio," who "care for none of those things," but whose "contempt" of silence arrays them against Christ and His day.

3. Obstructionists—Who cry "hands off," and whose false plea for "personal liberty" would check all advance and stifle every moral reform in its birth throes.

4. Devotees of Pleasure—Many of them accustomed to the European Sabbath, who would open wide the gates of lust, noise, amusement and recreation for self-gratification, or on narrow grounds of a truism, falsely so called.

5. Greedy Worldlings—Who, in order to gain the almighty dollar, are coining the very life-blood and soul of their fellows, 2,500,000 of whom are working in the United States, it is said, every Sabbath, from neither mercy nor necessity.

6. Godless Materialists—A foreign growth, red-handed agitators, who defy divine and human law.

By what methods shall we meet these?

I. By Legal Methods—Not that we should seek to legislate Sunday into a holy day. No one can be forced into a religious life by legal means, and no government should attempt it. We can, however, and should insist that the Sabbath be quiet and the religious privileges of the community be guarded. We can and should see to it that our Sabbath laws reflect the tone of our best citizens. We can and should demand that the Sunday laws on the statute books be enforced. We can and should bring our influence, as citizens united on the main issue if possible, to bear upon our legislators and executives. We can and should help remove unsabbatical stains from the mail and other governmental services. We can and should petition and agitate, agitate and petition,—yes watch, fight and pray.

II. Reform Methods—these include efforts and influences in behalf of the Sabbath through the press, the mass meeting and all local, state, national and international organizations. No efficient work can be done today without thorough organization. Papers should be owned and edited by the friends of the Sabbath reform. Tracts, essays, books should be scattered broadcast to educate the people. The wealthy and charitable should be encouraged to give their money while living and leave legacies at their death to further these ends. A half holiday on Saturday should be insisted upon as a social vent—a necessity—a preparation for the Sabbath—the workingman's right. No proper reformatory

agency should be rejected, however new or unpopular.

III. Church Methods—The lethargic attitude of the Church to this vital issue has been the amusement of devils and infidels, the wonder of good men and angels, and a grief to Almighty God. If the Sabbath is lost, the citadel of the Church is captured and the enemy holds carnival over her ruins. Every denomination should be a separate fort with its guns loaded and manned. In council, congress, conference, convention, synod, assembly, resolutions should be passed, and then passed down to the Church to vitalize and enforce. A Sabbath revival should be worked for and prayed for, not spasmodically, but persistently. The impression must be deepened (may the God of the Sabbath cause it to possess us) that every thrust at the Sabbath is a thrust at the heart of the Church of Christ.

IV. Family Methods—Children should be indoctrinated with the Sabbath idea at their mother's knee and led to live it by their father's example. They should be taught early to reverence and love the Sabbath and its services, and to attend Church and Sabbath School, as a matter of conscience and duty.

No higher standard of Sabbath keeping is possible than Christ's.

The Lord's day at home should be made the happiest day of the week, the crown day, the pearl of days, a "delight and honorable." The paraphrase "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it gloomy," should not apply to any Christian household.

While this extreme is full of danger, its oppo-

site extreme of worldliness is even more dangerous. Burn's description of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which was the beginning of the old Scotch Sabbath, has never been surpassed in scriptural simplicity.

V. Personal Methods—Right here in the success of the day, as in our children is the hope of the future. Every individual who has the divine Sabbath thought deep at heart must make his influence felt on the community. He or she who keeps God's day so consistently that his family and neighbors see that he believes in it, and in its Jehovah, is doing a genuine service for his generation, though he never opens his mouth in its defence.

Many, however, will not do their whole duty, unless they "hallow the Lord's day" by the service of their lips. Prominent among these are ministers of the Gospel. From any standpoint, which I can conceive, a minister seems sadly out of place who lifts his voice, uses his pen, throws his influence or example on the side of Sabbath desecration. Brethren, while there are some things which God may forgive us for if we "wink at," I do not believe that this is one.

We should be wide awake in behalf of the Sabbath. We should use in its defence the keenest and newest weapons of modern thought. Our view should be broad and Christlike, not petty and Pharisaical. As watchmen on the towers, we cannot keep silence.

But you say the sabbath question is worn out, and if harped upon, it will wear out the patience of any congregation. Not so. Preaching is one of God's appointed methods of reform and salvation,—the foolishness of preaching,—not foolish-

weak, narrow, unscriptural preaching, but strong enthusiastic scriptural preaching, in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Broad in area is this Sabbath question.

It is industrial, social, intellectual and political as well as moral. Every laboring man needs a day of rest. To cultivate the highest elements of man's social nature there must be one *day in the home*. That the masses may have intellectual privileges there must be one *day of thought* each week. If this Sunday rest is granted by law to certain favored classes it ought to be allowed to *every* man as a political right, for our laws say that all men are equal.

Where there is a Sunday law well observed we develop the strongest and noblest moral characters. Therefore all ought to favor Sunday legislation and Sunday observance in general.

Listen to what some great thinkers say of the importance of Sabbath preservation.

Adam Smith, the great political economist;

"The Sabbath as a political institution is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority."

Blackstone, the great jurist: "A corruption of morals usually follows the profanation of the Sabbath."

Dr. Bauer, court preacher at Berlin; at a recent gathering of Lutherans in that city said: "Martin Luther declared the doctrine of justification by faith to be the doctrine of a standing or falling church. I cannot regard the sanctification of the Sabbath as any less a ground pillar of the church or of our whole social life."

Macaulay the Historian: "If Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last

three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer and less civilized people than we are."

"Sunday," says Ralph Waldo Emerson "is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude, the best society, the loftiest knowledge of truth and duty."

Daniel Webster: "The Sabbath is the bulwark of our liberty, because it is the bulwark of morality."

The late and brilliant John Randolph Tucker of Virginia says: "Break down the fence of Christianity and liberty, and law, and civilization will perish with it. I wish to testify my belief that the institutional custom of our fathers in remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy as the conservator of their Christian religion, is the foundation of our political system, and the only hope of American freedom, progress and glory."

Let all ponder these golden thoughts of the good and great.

The law of the Sabbath is fundamental, imperative, and perpetual, like the marriage relation—the two great unchanged and unchangeable institutions saved to man from the ruin of Paradise. The necessity of the Sabbath continues parallel with the necessity of the family. The one can no more be abrogated without involving the moral disorder, degeneracy and degradation of society than the other. The Sabbath was made for man in the same high sense that the family was made for man. It is a colossal institution, wide as humanity, perpetual as time and deeply rooted in the constitution of man's nature.

The SUNDAY LEAGUE OF AMERICA, has

established a Southern Head Quarters at Atlanta, Ga. and will hold meetings this year in nearly all the larger towns and cities of SOUTH CAROLINA.

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We want parents to read and children to be taught and all the people to be instructed in the facts and arguments and made strong for the quiet, blessed, thoughtful Sunday. We do not advocate a return to Puritanic strictness, but we insist that the Sunday labor must be reduced to the minimum of real mercy and necessity and, that the coarse Sunday amusements, which belong to South America, Mexico and most of European countries, shall not gain a foothold here.

This is an Anglo-Saxon land, and the workday or low holiday Sunday is not a factor of our civilization. We must drive it out. By argument, by exhortation, if possible, but by law if necessary. Patriots must be true to their laws, their history and the best interests of the people.

We must insist upon the keeping of all the laws we have, and whenever necessary we must advocate better laws.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Branch Office UNION, S. C.

A. C. JONES,

Traveling Salesman

for South Carolina,

With Hood Foulkvod & Co., 11 & Market Sts., Phila.

Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods Dress Goods, Silks, White Goods, Notions Hosiery Underwear, &c. invites the Merchants of this state to Philadelphia to see their immense stock this Fall, and if not coming to market to send him their mail orders. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Present Post Office address Newberry, S. C. In Philadelphia from August 10, to September 10, 1899.

Mansion House Steam Laundry,



The Pioneer
Steam Laundry
of the
Piedmont Belt.



■ ■ GREENVILLE, S. C. ■ ■

WE DEFY THE WORLD IN QUALITY.

This is saying a good deal, but we can back it up with modern machinery, good help and pure mountain spring water.

Work is shipped here from four states. High and low finish of gloss or domestic. Give us a trial and convince yourselves.

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South Carolina Mutual Insurance Company.

Insures your property at cost.

Greenville, S. C.

Loan & Exchange Bank

—OF—

South Carolina.

STATE, CITY AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Capital Paid in Full..	\$150,000.00
Surplus.....	35,000.00
Liabilities of Stockholders.....	150,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$335,000.00

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.—Interest at the rate of 4 per centum per annum paid on deposits in this department.

TRUST DEPARTMENT.—This bank, under special provision of its charter, exercises the office of Executor, Administrator, Trustee or Guardian of Estates.

SAFETY DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.—Fire and burglar proof safety deposit boxes for rent from \$4.00 to \$12.00 per year.

EDWIN W. ROBERTSON, PRES.,

A. C. HASKELL, VICE PRES.

J. C. ROBERTSON, 2ND. VICE PRES.